

The Tech.

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THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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HERE at the Institute we have, unfortunately, but few well-established customs. Endeavors are made from time to time to originate some new social event which may be kept up by our successors, and so become a firmly fixed tradition; but, as a rule, such efforts are failures. Last year there was a striking exception to this; the Senior Dinner, given to the Senior Class by the undergraduates, was in every respect a success. All that is necessary now is to endeavor to surpass the precedent shown us by the dinner last April.

THE TECH had a hand in the abolition of the Senior Ball, and the substitution of a Senior Dinner last year; this year it wishes to impress on every one the propriety of continuing a custom started under such favorable auspices. We all know what a dismal failure the annual ball had come to be, and it would have been given up long before it was except for the feeling that a fitting substitute should first be found. The substitute has been found; now we should make it an established social event.

The Class of '91 has already held a meet-

ing, and appointed a committee. If the other classes promptly follow, and do what they can to aid in making suitable arrangements, the success of the dinner will be sure. We will then have an annual custom,—one which we have to a great extent originated ourselves, and to which we may point with pride as an evidence of the growth of common social interests among Tech. men.

SINCE the completion and occupancy of the Engineering Building, an inconvenience that was more or less felt before, has become quite noticeable. The Engineering Building, and the New Building to some extent, are not in direct communication with the Secretary's office, and strangers who have business in either are often at a loss to find the room or person that they are seeking. This trouble could be remedied easily and satisfactorily if tablets were provided near the entrance of each building, giving opposite the number of the room the purpose for which it is employed,—a custom which is in general use in business blocks. There is no call with us for marble and gilt, or anything costly, but if an inexpensive arrangement of this kind were placed in each of our buildings, it would be appreciated by those who visit them. Something of the same nature is needed in the Engineering Building in the way of bulletin boards, which have not yet been supplied. Students whose work is confined entirely to that building, often fail to attend meetings the notices of which are posted in Rogers only. Two of the largest courses in the Institute have their headquarters in the Engineering Building; their convenience should be consulted, and some such improvement as we have suggested should be supplied.

AT the recent meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association, Mr. Abbot, the President, formerly editor and publisher of the *Collegian*, brought before the convention the subject of that paper's reappearance. The *Collegian* was instituted last year as a monthly journal on the plan of a national college review, devoted to literary work in the colleges, and subjects of general interest to college students. Its discontinuance after the publication of a few numbers was due mainly to lack of support.

This year there is a strong prospect of its continuance under a slightly different plan, to be announced later.

The paper promised to be of value to those desiring to be well posted on what is being done by college men all over the country, and we regretted at the time to see it discontinued. It covers a field that has received but little attention, and like all efforts to bring the colleges into closer communication deserves the encouragement that we trust it will receive.

NINETY-TWO has elected her Board of "Technique" editors, and they are already considering the preliminaries in regard to next year's annual. We do not know whether any decision has as yet been reached on the time of the book's appearance; but there are good reasons in the support of the suggestion made in a former number of THE TECH, that "Technique" should not be published before the first of March. It is well known by those who have had the matter in charge, that if the book is brought out before the Holidays the class lists must be imperfect, as the revised proofs of the Institute Catalogue cannot be obtained for their corrections. The same fault can be found with the lists of societies and athletic organizations, which, in order to be complete, must in many cases be a year out of date. The editors would find also that the entire arrangement of their work could much better be made at the beginning of the year,

when it would not be interrupted by the break of a four months' vacation. In short, if the publication of "Technique" should be deferred until next spring, it would represent the year in which it appears instead of a time beyond the memory of the Freshmen. We seriously submit this suggestion to next year's editors as a point wherein they can surpass the "Technique" which has just appeared.

THE step taken by the Athletic Club in changing the hour of the Open Spring Meeting from the afternoon to the evening, is one which will meet with general approval, both as being more convenient to the outside associations that compete, and to a large number who have heretofore wished to attend, but, owing to the time of holding the meeting, have been unable to do so. A long list of events, also, has often prolonged former meetings so as to interfere with the arrangements of those who have had other engagements for the evening. Since the Athletic Club has found it inadvisable to hold separate meetings for the events in sparring, and those in jumping, tug-of-war, and the like, the modification that has been made in the programme cannot fail to be a change for the better.

WE regret to announce the resignation from the Editorial Board of THE TECH of Mr. F. N. Meserve, '92, on account of increased professional work and the pressure of Institute studies. The loss of Mr. Meserve, after a short, but very successful, term of service on the paper, we must regard as especially unfortunate, and his withdrawal leaves a vacancy on the Editorial Board which it will be difficult to fill.

FOR unavoidable causes we are unable to present Prof. Chandler's article on the Course in Architecture in the present number. It will appear, however, in our next issue.

Herr Schwanthaler's Clock.

[From the French.]

IT was a clock of the Second Empire, such as are sold in the boulevard des Italiens; a clock of Algerian onyx, ornamented with campana designs, with its gilded key hanging like a watch-charm at the end of a pink ribbon. It was the most dainty, the most modern, the most useless timekeeper in all Paris. It had a charming little chime, but not a grain of common sense. It was full of whims and caprices, striking the hour at any minute and never knowing dinner-time from sunrise.

When the war broke out it was summering at Bougival,—expressly suited to that fragile summer palace; and on the arrival of the Bavarian forces it was one of the first things seized upon. It must be admitted these Germans were the most skillful of shippers, for the costly plaything, scarcely larger than a pigeon's egg, made the journey from Bougival to Munich, in the midst of Krupp cannon and caissons of grape-shot, without the least damage in the world, and appeared the next day in the show window of a curiosity shop, bright and smiling as ever, still retaining its two slender black hands and its little key on the pink ribbon.

It was a curiosity in Munich. Such clocks were unknown there, and everyone came to look at it as eagerly as at the Japanese collections in the museum. Before the bric-a-brac shop three ranks of great pipes smoked from morning to night, and the good people of Munich asked each other, with round eyes and many a "*Mein Gott*" of stupefaction, what could be the use of such a peculiar little instrument. The illustrated papers published its picture; its photographs were on sale in all the show windows; and in its honor the illustrious Doctor-professor Otto de Schwanthaler composed his *Clock Paradoxes*,—a philosophico-humorous study of six hundred pages, treating of the influence of clocks upon society, and logically demonstrating that a nation foolish enough to regulate the employment of its time

by chronometers so out of order as this little clock from Bougival, like a ship putting out to sea with a false compass, must expect all calamities.

The Germans do nothing unless thoroughly. The illustrious doctor-professor wished, before writing his *Paradoxes*, to have the subject under his eyes, to study in detail and analyze minutely. He accordingly purchased the clock, which thus passed from a show window to the drawing-room of the illustrious Doctor-professor Otto de Schwanthaler, trustee of the Pinakothek and member of the Academy of Sciences and Fine Arts, at his private residence, No. 24 Ludwigstrasse.

The most prominent object in the Schwanthaler drawing-room, classic and dismal as a hall of convention, was a great clock of solid marble, with a bronze chime and complicated works. The principal dial was surrounded with smaller ones, showing the hours, the minutes, the seasons, the equinoxes, and everything else up to the phases of the moon, on a sky-blue ground in the middle of the pedestal. The noise of this powerful machine filled the house. At the foot of the stairs the heavy pendulum swung back and forth with a grave, accented movement that seemed to cut and measure life in equal morsels; with every tick-tack was a trepidation of the small hand, hastening around the seconds' dial with the toiling impatience of a spider that knows the price of time.

Whenever the hour sounded, dull and slow as a church bell, it gave a signal for something to happen in the Schwanthaler mansion. Either Herr Schwanthaler himself, loaded with papers, set out for the Pinakothek, or worthy Madame Schwanthaler returned from church with her daughters, three tall girls in braids, with the air of so many hop-poles, or perhaps lessons in dancing, or gymnastics, or zither-playing began, or the embroidery frames and music stands were rolled into the centre of the room,—everything was methodically planned and regulated. To see

all the Schwanthalers put themselves in motion at the first stroke of the bell, and go in and out the swinging doors, put one in mind of the procession of the apostles at Strasbourg, and made one expect that on the last stroke the family of Schwanthaler would disappear in its clock.

Beside this monument of horology was placed the little French clock, and the effect of its appearance can be imagined. One evening when the ladies of the household were engaged in embroidery work, and the illustrious doctor-professor was reading to some colleagues of the Academy of Sciences the first pages of his *Paradoxes*, stopping from time to time to take the little clock in his hand and use it to illustrate his remarks, all at once Eva Schwanthaler, impelled by a fatal curiosity, said to her father, with a blush,—

“O papa, make it strike.”

The doctor took the key, gave it two turns, and they heard a little crystal note, so clear and bright that a movement of gayety ran through the grave assembly, and their eyes sparkled with pleasure.

“How pretty it is! how pretty it is!” said the three young ladies, with animated looks and a shaking of braids that they had learned without teaching.

Then Herr Schwanthaler in a voice of triumph exclaimed, ‘Look at it, this piece of French folly; it strikes eight o’clock when it marks three!’

This outburst made everybody laugh, and in spite of the lateness of the hour, the gentlemen with all their heart advanced philosophical theories and interminable considerations upon the frivolity of the French. No one thought of going away. No attention was paid to the gong of the great clock as it struck the portentous hour of ten, which ordinarily dispersed the company. The great clock did not understand. It had never seen such lively times in the Schwanthaler house, nor any one in the drawing room at such an hour. And, most alarming to mention, when the young ladies had re-

tired to their room, the excitement of the evening and the laughter made them long for something to stay their hunger; and even the sentimental Mina remarked, as she stretched her arms, “Oh! how I could make way with a lobster salad.”

Once wound up, the little clock retook its irregular life and habits of dissipation. The family commenced by laughing at its caprices; but little by little, by force of hearing that lively bell that struck at all hours indiscriminately, the sober mansion of Schwanthaler lost its respect for time, and passed its days in careless gayety. They thought only of amusement. Life appeared so short when all the hours were confused. There was a general overturning. No more sermons, no more studies. The illustrious doctor-professor, himself taken with a sort of vertigo, never left off saying, “Be gay, children; be gay!” As for the great clock it was of no more use. The girls had stopped the pendulum on the pretext that it prevented them from sleeping, and the whole house was conducted at the will of the demented little timepiece.

It was then that the famous *Clock Paradoxes* appeared. On that occasion the Schwanthalers gave a grand entertainment; not one of the former academic affairs, quiet and subdued, but a magnificent masked ball, in which Madame de Schwanthaler and her daughters appeared as boatwomen, with bare arms, short skirts, and little round hats with bright ribbons. The whole city spoke of it, but it was only the beginning. Comedies, tableaux vivants, suppers, baccarat, all these scandalized Munich for the whole winter at the house of the Academician. “Be gay, children; be gay,” repeated the poor man more and more infatuated, and there were gay times indeed. Madame de Schwanthaler, highly pleased with her success as a boatwoman, passed her time parading in extravagant costumes. The young ladies, remaining alone at home, took lessons in French of the Hussar officers who were prisoners in the

city; and the little clock, which now had every reason to think itself at Bougival, threw time to the winds, and always struck eight when it marked three. Finally this whirlwind of pleasure carried the family of Schwanthaler to America, and the finest Titians of the Pinakothek followed their illustrious trustee in his flight.

EPILOGUE.

After the departure of the Schwanthalers there was an epidemic of scandals in Munich. In rapid succession a canoness eloped with a barytone, the dean of the institute married a chorus girl, an aulic councilor took to cheating at cards, and the convent was closed on account of nightly disturbances.

O depravity of inanimate things! It seemed as if the little clock were possessed, and had taken the task of bewitching all Bavaria. Everywhere it went, everywhere its gay tones sounded, it turned the people's brains.

In time, step by step, it reached the royal residence; and since then do you know what score King Louis, who is an out and out Wagnerian, always has open on his piano? "The Meistersingers?" No! A drinking chorus from the Opera Comique! This teaches us to make our clocks for use only.

THE TECH EXTRA!

Owing to the refusal of the Board of Aldermen to grant the necessary license, the Athletic Club meeting has been indefinitely postponed.

THE TECH wishes to present in its local column a complete record of what is happening at the Institute. Secretaries of social and other organizations will especially confer a favor by sending us reports of proceedings that may be of general interest. Such local notes should be dropped in THE TECH Box in Rogers' corridor, not later than the Saturday before the next number of THE TECH is to appear.

A Breath from the Maine Woods.

II.

THE next morning we were up with the sun, and though we were prepared to find ourselves on a beautiful lake, we were not prepared for such a sight as met our eyes when, having washed away the last traces of drowsiness by a dip in the cool water, we launched the canoe and paddled a short distance out from shore.

The lake is situated on a plateau about a thousand feet above sea-level, and is almost surrounded by mountains. Behind our camp rose abruptly from the shore the lofty, pine-crowned peaks of the Chairback Chain, five in number. The loftiest of them, Big Chairback—away up under whose summit nestles two little ponds, full of trout, their shores never free from the tracks of deer and bear—lay just back of our camp. Farther to the south loomed up the square, table-like mass of the Barren Mountains, and to the southwest, at the foot of the lake, the single peak of Blue Ridge could be seen. From this point the mountains ringed round the lake in a broken circle, ending with old White Cap itself, the monarch of the group, its bare gray peak a vast pile of broken rock, as Thoreau says: "The raw material of a planet, dropped from an unseen quarry, which the vast chemistry of Nature will anon work up, or work down, into the smiling and verdant plains and valleys of the earth. An undone extremity of the globe; as in lignite we see coal in the process of formation." About its top the clouds continually drifted, blowing away from the summit like streaming pennants, yet never ceasing, for they were created out of the pure air as fast as they drifted away, by the condensing action of the bare, cold rock. The mountain was, indeed, a cloud factory, never at rest.

After the sun was up so that we could see clearly down the lake, we took the glass and examined the shores, counting, while doing so, four deer taking their morning bath at as many different points on the shore.

Long Pond really consists of four separate ponds lying in a chain east and west. They are separated by narrow, rapid bits of river, or thoroughfares, varying from a hundred yards to a quarter of a mile in length. No. 1, the most easterly pond—on which we camped—is the largest, a mile and a half long by three quarters of a mile wide, while No. 4, the most westerly, is the smallest, barely a quarter of a mile across. At the foot of this pond is an old, broken-down log dam, out from under the ruins of which gushes the outlet of the lake which, after a mad foaming rush of seven miles round the base of Barren Mountain, flows into Lake Onaway, and thence to the sea by way of Sebec Lake and the Penobscot.

The total length of the lake is four and a quarter miles; it contains three islands, none of them very large; its shores are densely wooded, and for the most part quite steep. Innumerable little brooks flow into the lake, so that wherever your canoe touches shore you may hear the babbling of water, and in all probability on looking closely, catch the sparkling of its ripples as, tumbling over the bank, the brook loses itself in the lake. Only two of these brooks are of any size,—Chair-back Brook near our camp, and Trout Brook, the outlet of the pond of the same name which lies a few miles west of Long Pond. Both of these are full of trout, running as high as three pounds in weight, and eager to be taken.

There were three camps on the lake. Mr. Dean's at the head of Pond No. 1, where our friends were stopping, one belonging to Bert Davis, of Monson, on Pond No. 3, and used only in winter, and the third, on No. 4, formerly owned by one Ed Hall, of Monson, but now public property.

Hall had a camp on Lake Onaway, and while the road was being surveyed near that lake one of the surveyors, a young man of twenty-two, hired him as guide for a fishing excursion of a day or two. Hall, knowing

that the man had just been paid off, suspected that his employer might have money with him. He therefore led him to a lonely cove on the lake where he said the fishing was good, and as the young man stepped from the canoe to the shore, shot him through the head. He then took his victim's watch and about a hundred dollars in money, drew the body upon shore, covered it with the canoe, fired a shot at his victim's dog—a little spaniel—killing it as he supposed, and then fled the country. The surveyor's friends suspected nothing till a week later, when one day the spaniel came limping into camp with a broken leg. Then a search was made, the body found, and warrants sworn out; but it was too late. The murderer had fled.

What with getting the rest of our baggage across the carry, and down from Dean's to our own camp-ground, putting our tents in permanent shape, and getting things in order generally, the time passed very quickly, and a week had gone almost before we knew it. Once in camp, we soon settled down to a routine style of life. Up with the sun in the morning, a dip in the cold waters of the lake, breakfast, then dish-washing, after which we either set our compasses and trailed our way to some little pond up in the mountains famed for its trout, made an excursion to some point of interest near by, as the Gulf, or Gulf Hagar Stream, or climbed one of the mountains near at hand, always returning to camp in time for supper at six o'clock. In the evening we either paddled down to Dean's and sat round his great fire playing cards or telling stories and smoking, or our friends visited us and indulged in the same pastimes. Many of our excursions were made in company, and we often spent the evenings laying plans for the next day. Finally, at about ten o'clock, the Professor would knock the ashes out of his pipe, shake himself, yawn, and say, "Well, boys, if you sit up all night you'll be in poor condition for to-morrow's tramp." Then would be heard the grating of a canoe on the

pebbles, a chorus of "good-nights," paddles would flash in the moonlight, and the visitors would soon disappear in the darkness, the dip of their paddles sounding clearly over the water long after they themselves had passed out of sight.

One day as we were cutting fire-wood after dinner, we heard the grate of a canoe on the shore, and hurrying down to see who was there, were surprised to see a young Swede, Nels Künnerby by name, whom we had met at the Iron Works, where he was employed as assayer. He had obtained a week's vacation, and had come up to Dean's to spend it. Nels was a character, and his broken English was very amusing.

We sung out, "Hullo, Nels!" to which he responded, "How are *you*?" running the first two words together and putting all the emphasis on the last one.

"Tere was no one up to Tean's, so I come to here," he said. "I did bring up Dulcie, tat tog of Tean's. You know him?"

Saying this Nels seated himself on a log, and filling his pipe began a conversation that lasted nearly two hours, when all of a sudden, he sprang to his feet and cried out, "O tat tam tog; I leave her lock up in te kitchen ant s'e will eat up everyting by now," and shoving off the canoe Nels vanished round the point as if an evil spirit were after him.

That evening after supper we paddled down to Dean's, and a very jolly time we had, How that old camp comes back to me! In one corner of the room a huge stone fire-place with a rude mantel over it; opposite to it a set of shelves laden with fishing-tackle, pipes, tobacco, etc. Close beside the fire-place are two bunks, over which are slung the guns, large and small, each in its rack. Nels sits at a rude table, one hand twisted in his long, yellow hair, struggling with a game of solitaire and a little stubby pipe, which he cannot make draw. A big armchair is tilted back against the wall, and in it placidly reposes the Professor, whiffing at his pipe now and then,

and apparently trying to stare the fire out of countenance, while Mr. Dean, leaning against the door-post, is idly snapping bits of wood at his dog, lying asleep before the fire.

One morning, a few days later, we tramped over to the Gulf, distant about six miles from camp, armed with fly-rod and camera. The two miles between Long Pond and Pleasant River were quickly put behind us, and after fording the river, a monotonous tramp of four miles up the Gulf road brought us to a point where a blazed trail branched off at right angles to the road. Down this we turned, and after a short walk came upon the river at the head of the Gulf. I will not follow our tramp home along the bank of the river, but will briefly describe the Gulf.

It is, as I have said, a narrow chasm in the mountains about three and a half miles long. The cliffs are of slate rock, and rise on either side of the river to a height varying from sixty to a hundred and fifty feet. The river is very narrow,—in some places not more than eight feet wide; while at one point where the cliffs are highest, their tops approach to within twelve feet of each other. Mr. Dean informed me that at this point the ice bridged the chasm in winter, and that he had often crossed on it while snow-shoeing after deer. In several other places tree trunks lie across the gulf, and on them may be seen the marks of claws showing where bears and wildcats have crossed. At the head of the gulf is Billings Falls, a heavy pitch, perhaps twenty feet wide, the cliffs rising high on either hand, and forming the upper jaws of the gulf. A short distance below this is Duck Pitch, another heavy fall. Then come in quick succession pitches, pools, and rapids, till the middle jaws are reached. Here the river is so narrow that when the loggers were driving through the gulf they were obliged to blast out the rock on either side in order to get the logs through without a jam. Below the middle jaws the cliffs diminish in height, and are clothed from top to bottom in green. The river is wider,

and there are no steep falls, but several long rapids, the most interesting being Hammond Street Pitch and Indian Falls. At the head of this last is Face in the Rock, where may be seen a very perfect face cut out of the slate by the water. Just below Indian Falls is the Devil's Kitchen, where the cliffs regain their height; next is the lower jaws, and just beyond is the mouth of Gulf Hagar Stream, half a mile below which lies Pleasant River Ford.

Gulf Hagar Stream is a curious place. The gulf road crosses it a half-mile from the river, and between the river and road the stream falls over a hundred and twenty-five feet. It is a succession of heavy falls alternating with deep, quiet pools. The heaviest fall is Screw Auger, thirty feet high, the water describing a complete spiral in its descent. At the foot of the fall is the Rocky Chamber, a perfectly square room cut out of the rock, with sides fifty feet high as true and plumb as if cut by the hand of man. Screw Auger occupies one side, and through a rent in the opposite wall the stream flows out on its way to the river. At another place the water flows directly through a hole in the cliff rock, above, on the sides, and below the stream. On the whole, it is well worth one's while to visit the Iron Works for the sake of seeing the gulf alone.

The days passed quickly, and we were never at a loss for something to do. If tired of tramping in the woods, there was the lake full of land-locked salmon, and we had only to throw in our line and in two minutes have all the excitement we wanted.

But don't, I beg of you, think that camp life is all sunshine; it rains once in a while, and we had two storms. Each wet us to the skin, and made us very uncomfortable while it lasted. Each began at night, and the first hint of rain we received was the sensation of a stream of water flowing gently down our backs. Still we managed to keep pretty dry, and in half an hour after the rain ceased would show no signs of our drenching.

The first storm was a thunder-storm, and it was one of the finest sights I ever witnessed. The steady glare of lightning illuminating the lake as by day; the continuous roll of thunder echoing from peak to peak; the sharp crashes as bolt after bolt struck the lake, often in full view from our camp; the howl of the wind blowing half a gale; and the splintering crash as every now and then some tall pine or the mountain-side behind us fell to the ground made an impression that will last for years. The most impressive sight was the dashing up of the waves like a boiling cauldron when the lightning struck the water, and I got a better idea of the power of electricity than I ever had before. I am glad I saw that storm but I am not at all anxious to see another. If it had not been for the low, sturdy pines standing thick round our camp, I believe we should have blown away that night.

Thus the days passed, and we could have spent the whole summer on the lake; but in the words of Emerson,—

"The holidays were fruitful, but must end.
One August evening had a cooler breath;
Into each mind intruding duties crept,
Under the cinders burned the fires of home;
Nay, letters found us in our paradise.

We struck our camp, and left the happy hills.
The fortunate star that rose on us sank not,
The prodigal sunshine rested on the land,
The rivers gamboled onward to the sea;
And Nature, the inscrutable and mute,
Permitted on her infinite repose
Almost a smile to creep to cheer her sons,
As if one riddle of the Sphinx were guessed."

THE MODERN MAID.

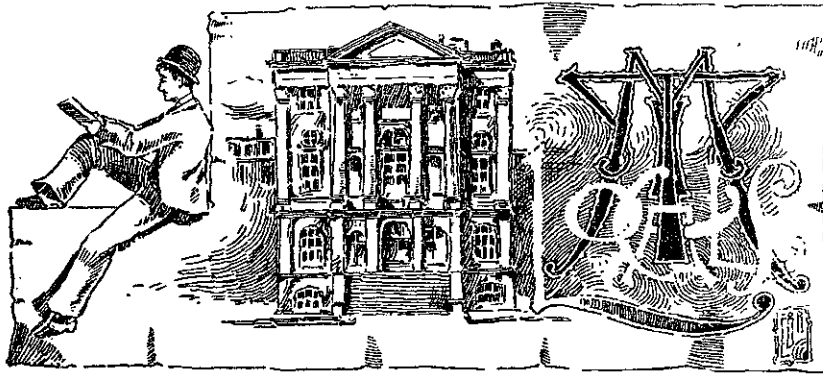
Her gaudy little hat perched high
Above her bangs and frizzes;
There was a sparkle in her eye,
Like champagne when it fizzes.

Red ribbons gaily fluttered while
Her silks made a loud rustle;
Her fur-lined cloak was in the style,
As also was her bustle.

And oh! her tiny feet peeped out
Like timid mice, enhancing
The charm that circled her about—
With splendor too entrancing.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
I spoke as she was fleeing:
"Oh, I am going, sir," she said,
"Into our prayer-meeting!"

—Red and Blue.



Senior photograph lists are all in.

Tights and Tech. men at all the theatres this week.

The lunch room maintains the success of the first week.

The Freshman Football Team had their pictures taken Saturday.

Harvard, '93, will probably enter a team at the Athletic Club's Meeting, Saturday.

There will be fourteen men on next year's "Technique" Board,—not quite a majority of the class.

D Y D X held a theatre party, February 22d, at the Hollis Street Theatre, and initiated Mr Bowen, '91.

March will be a great month for indoor athletics. One meeting of the M. I. T. A. C. and three of the H. A. A.

A large number of Freshmen are candidates for their baseball team, and are practicing daily in the gymnasium.

There are a good many Seniors who are calculating what it costs to be graduated from the Institute in good shape.

At a meeting of the Freshman class, held Friday afternoon, Mr. Flynn was elected temporary captain of the baseball team.

The Drum Corps of the Freshman Battalion will furnish the music for the exercises of the High School Cadets at Malden, March 28th.

The labor organizations propose to inaugurate an eight-hour crusade on the first of May. A great many Tech. men have a personal interest in the movement.

The Athletic Club will hold its open spring meeting at Winslow's Rink, Saturday, March 8th. Events will be contested in fence-vault, running and standing high jump, putting shot, running high kick, heavy, middle, and light weight sparring, and tug-of-war. The hour of the meeting will be 7.30 P. M. instead of 2 P. M., as formerly.

At the meeting of the Architectural Society on Wednesday evening, February 19th, a sketch problem, "A Design for a Memorial Tablet," was given by Mr. Ripley. Mentions were awarded as follows: 1st, Seeler; 2d, Howe; 3d, Alden; 4th, Wright. Professor Chandler gave an instructive criticism on the drawings. Mr. J. R. Coolidge was elected to membership.

The "Technique" Electoral Committee of twenty-five, appointed by the Class of '92 to choose the editors of next year's "Technique," held a meeting Saturday in 26 Rogers. The election resulted in the choice of the following Board of Editors: Editor-in-chief, R. Waterman; Associate Editor, L. Metcalf; Business Manager, F. H. Meserve; Athletics, W. W. Locke; Societies, W. R. Kales; Statistics, W. H. Dennett, P. M. Reynolds; Artistic, F. H. Briggs, H. J. Carlson, F. E. Newman; Grinds, E. P. Whitman; Eastern Advertising Agent, H. N. Williams; Western Advertising Agent, A. L. Goetzman; Secretary Board of Editors, W. Y. Chute.

The Class of '92 held a meeting in Room 15, Thursday, Feb. 20th, at 4.15. Resolutions concerning the "Technique" Committee were presented and adopted, and the committee was elected. During the counting of the ballots, Mr. Kales was elected manager, and Mr. Locke captain, of the Sophomore baseball team. The "Technique" Committee to elect editors is as follows: Messrs. Locke, W. W. Green, Metcalf, F. E. Newman, Kales, Wales, Goetzman, Carlson, R. Waterman, Jr., Gill, Briggs, Meserve, Koch, Harvey, F. I. Davis, Whitman, De Carvalho,

Williams, Chute, Dennett, A. French, Weis, Pollard, Parrish, Potter, and Allen. The last two names received an equal number of votes but Mr. Potter withdrew, leaving the requisite number of twenty-five on the committee.

The New England Intercollegiate Press Association held its fourth annual business session and banquet at the Quincy House, February 22d. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Samuel Abbott, Williams, '87; Vice-Presidents, E. B. McFadden, Amherst; T. S. Burr, Bowdoin; W. K. Dennison, Tufts; Recording Secretary, G. F. Willett, Boston University; Corresponding Secretary, J. B. Reynolds, Dartmouth; Treasurer, H. R. Palmer, Brown; Executive Committee, F. S. Goodrich, Wesleyan; A. M. Hitchcock, Williams; H. M. Waite, M. I. T.; J. Taylor, Jr., Andover; G. A. Baker, Williams; W. R. Farrington, Maine State College; S. A. Kinsley, Worcester; C. A. Perkins, Dartmouth; H. M. Chase, Amherst. The committee on resolutions reported favorably on the plan of strengthening the N. E. I. C. P. A., and later working for a national association; on admitting to membership in the association representatives of college papers edited by young women; on holding semi-annual meetings of the association instead of annual, as at present, and opposed opening the association to the secondary schools.

A few more "Techniques" can be obtained at Maclachlan's.

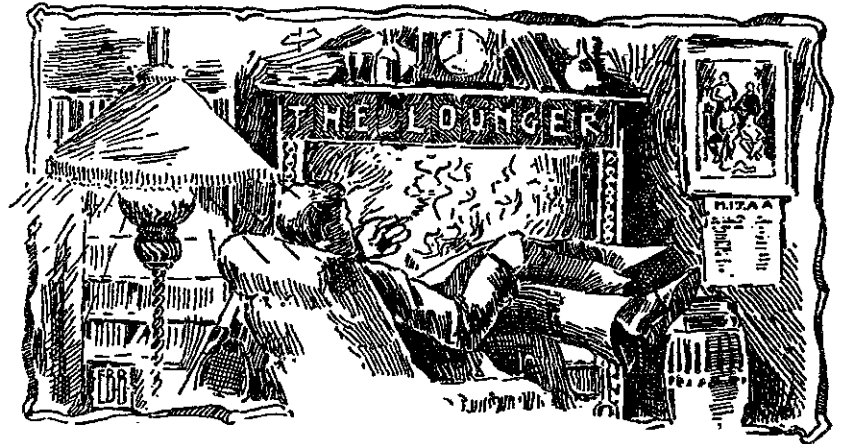
LITERALLY TRUE.

I pushed the wavy, golden locks
From off her forehead fair,
And where a frown had lately been
A kiss I printed there.

I held the tresses shining fair
As yellow buttercup.

"Was that a good kiss, Love?" said I;
And she replied, "Bang up."

—Brunonian.



A CHATTERING nuisance of an English sparrow that has his nest in one of the Corinthian capitals just outside the windows of the sanctum, imparted to the Lounger, among other local items, the remark that "it was spring." The Lounger admires the little bird's nerve, although he does not believe his statement. In his travels over the length and breadth of the city for several years, the Lounger has become weather-wise, and knows better than to pin his faith to the almanacs. These easterly winds, this Lenten downpour, this fathomless ocean of mud, these piled-up drifts of snow, are they the harbingers of spring that are the inspiration of the poet?

Spring is the time of the waking year,
The sprouting blade, and the opening bud,
When foot and footprint disappear
In the oozy depths of the springy mud.

Spring is the time of sun and shower,
Of skies that frown and smile again;
The sun appears for half an hour
Between two weeks of cloud and rain.

Spring is the time when the zephyrs play
Again from Winter's chains released;
But the balmy breeze has a terrible way
Of hauling round to the nor'-nor'-east.

Spring is the time of birds and song,
And all that lovely sort of thing.
The season's signs have all gone wrong.
Or else this is not gentle spring.

Why is not something done about this weather? Here we have at the Institute a professor of Meteorology, Climatology, and kindred subjects. Why does not he bestir himself and get a new barometer, or head off the Gulf Stream, or bring the matter before his colleagues of the Faculty for summary action. The Lounger has been in doubt for two weeks whether an ulster, an umbrella, or a spring overcoat is the proper thing to keep off the

weather, or whether the weather can be kept off at all. The last time he went out he was caught in a snow-storm, and the next time he expects to be obliged to tack at every crossing to keep from blowing down some of the side streets. Trying weather, as the fat man said when the sun came out and he felt himself melting down into his boots. The office boy has threatened to strike, because the Society Editor makes him work extra time blacking shoes; and he is not the only one who will rejoice when March has blown over, taking its nasty run of weather with it, and Easter gives them some chance of wearing thin shoes without fearing the consequences.

Speaking of Lent, the Lounger has been on the lookout for sacrifice hits, and found them in all varieties. Some of the Sophomores have given up studying to go to "Faust up to Date," and others are going to give up their dollars to hear Patti. Some of them gave up entirely before Lent commenced, on account of bad news from the Secretary's office. Some have given up billiards, or at least they enter the Chapel from upstairs and make false affidavits as to their years of discretion. The Seniors have given up everything but work on their theses and their hopes of sheepskins, and some of them have given up even these. And what did the Lounger give up? He gave up his co-operative ticket after he had been to the lunch room three times, and is going to fast for the rest of the month.

The United States of America has 360 universities, 4,240 professors, and 69,400 students.

Great Britain has 11 universities, 334 professors, and 13,400 students.

Germany has 21 universities, 1,020 professors, and 25,084 students.

Spain has 10 universities, 380 professors, and 16,200 students.

Austria has 10 universities, 1,810 professors, and 13,600 students.

Denmark has 1 university, 40 professors, and 1,400 students.

Russia has 8 universities, 582 professors, and 6,900 students.

College Notes.

There are twenty candidates for the Freshman nine at Princeton.

The fourteenth anniversary of the founding of Johns Hopkins University was celebrated on Washington's birthday.

Bowdoin has accepted Cornell's challenge to a boat race this spring. The race will probably be rowed on Lake Cayuga, New York.

A movement is on foot at the University of Michigan to raise a \$5,000 gymnasium fund, by \$10 subscriptions from the students.

It has cost Harvard \$500 to send catalogues to graduates this year.

At a recent mass meeting of Dartmouth students, between \$1,200 and \$1,300 was raised for the support of baseball the coming season. This will cover the expenses of the club and pay last year's debt.

The Harvard Freshman crew are at present ten pounds heavier to the man than the Freshman crew of last year, and two pounds heavier to the man than the Varsity crew of last year.

The New York league nine has renewed its offer to present a banner to the college team making the largest score against them. Games have been arranged with Yale, Princeton, Williams, and Manhattan Colleges.

Considerable changes will be made in the Columbia College buildings early in the summer. The library has outgrown its quarters, the school of art needs more room, and the demands of the law school must be met. The old buildings in the centre will be removed and a handsome and commodious structure erected in their place.

Harvard has thirteen dormitories, and Yale has nine.

The total membership in the Greek letter societies is about 75,000.

Dartmouth published the first college paper, the *Gazette*. Daniel Webster was a contributor to it.

The college buildings in use at Yale cost nearly \$2,000,000.

Ann Arbor has two hundred and forty-two courses of study.

The University of Berlin has 7,286 students matriculated this year, of whom 632 are foreigners; and 6,654 are Germans. It is estimated that the number of students at the German universities has more than doubled in the past year.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in his annual report, recently declared himself strongly opposed to intercollegiate leagues, which he considers weak in the cause of good and prolific in the producing of college quarrels.

An effort to establish professional baseball in England will be made this summer. The professional football players will be taught the game.

The new shell for the Harvard University crew now being built, will probably be completed about the middle of April. It will cost about \$500.

Walter Camp, '80, is writing an article on track athletics at Yale, for the *Century*. It will be profusely illustrated.

The Freshman Glee Club has just been organized at Yale. More than fifty men tried for the club; twenty-two of these were chosen.

The *Crimson* states that among rowing men the essentials for success are in the proportion of brains, 75 per cent, pluck 20 per cent, and strength, 5 per cent.

W. C. Dohm, of Princeton, has a remarkable record as a runner. From May 9, 1888 to October 5, 1889, he ran in thirty-one races, in which he took twenty-five first prizes, three seconds, and three thirds. In every race he ran from scratch.

After the recent examinations at Heidelberg University, Germany, two students are said to have committed suicide on account of failure to pass the examination.

A student at Yale has been fined \$20 for carving his class number on his seat in the new Osborne Hall.

There is some danger that Roberts College, the American school at Constantinople, will be closed, on account of the hostility of the grand vizier. His hostility is caused by his belief that the young Turks who are educated there go out into the world with very liberal ideas, antagonistic to the government methods and theories.

The Columbia library has received an addition of over 2,000 volumes since the first of January, making an increase of 2 per cent.

By the will of the late Benjamin Thompson, of Durham, N. H., his entire estate, valued at five hundred thousand dollars, is left to found an agricultural college in New Hampshire. Conditions are annexed, and if they are not complied with, the money goes to Massachusetts for the same purpose. In the event of neither of these States complying with the conditions, the money goes to the State of Michigan.

The management of the Harvard nine have decided to abandon a spring trip, as they would be unable to play the larger professional teams, on account of the rule made forbidding them to play outside of New England.

Harvard will hold three athletic meetings in March.

Yale has an exceptionally young Freshman class this year. Their average age is only eighteen years.

Princeton has decided to adopt a special cap and blazer for the different athletic organizations of the college. Each association will have its own monogram embroidered on the cap and on the pocket of the blazer.

Nearly one fourth of the Yale Freshman class are training for one of the teams. There are 38 candidates for the nine, 31 for the crew, and 13 for the athletic team.

A recent issue of the *Yale News* contained an account of the formation of a four-oared crew at Seattle, Wash., by graduates of Yale and Harvard. A shell has been ordered, and a race will be arranged with a four-oared crew composed of graduates of the English universities. The American crew will probably row in the following order: Goodwin, Yale, '90, bow; Hurd, Yale, '88, No. 2; Dana, Harvard L. S., No. 3; and Carter, Yale, '88, S. stroke.

An editorial in the *Crimson* announces that if the Princeton nine wishes to challenge Harvard, the Harvard nine will undoubtedly accept, subject only to the recently imposed condition of playing in New England.

An Alumni Advisory Committee has been established at Lafayette, whose object shall be to promote the interest in athletics at that college. The constitution has been taken largely from that of Princeton.

Toronto University was totally destroyed by fire Friday, February 14th. It was probably the finest building in Canada, and for its purpose one of the best in this country. When the fire broke out preparations were being made for the annual *conversazione*, the great social event of the year, and guests had already begun to arrive. The flames spread with great rapidity, and the fine library was soon consumed. The mathematical instruments, and the valuable documents of Sir Daniel Wilson, President of the University, were destroyed.

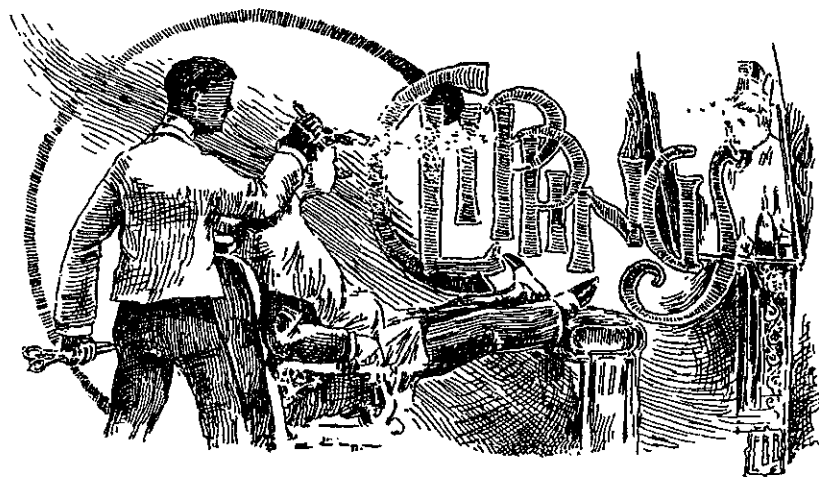
Switzerland has 3 universities, 90 professors, and 2,000 students.

Sweden has 2 universities, 173 professors, and 1,010 students.

Italy has 17 universities, 600 professors, and 11,140 students.

Portugal has 1 university, 40 professors, and 1,300 students.

Holland has 4 universities, 80 professors, and 1,600 students.



With patient eye again I trace
Back to the last-remembered place,
For thoughts have wandered, and I've read
A love-tale this half-hour, instead
Of what must some day bring me bread.
Heigho! The more I strive to learn
How *entry* and *ejectment* turn,
The more my unwilling mind is bent
On *messuage*, and *tenement*,
And *copyholds*, and *tithes*, and *rent*;
The plainer from each page I see
My Lady smiling out at me—
A face clear-cut as one which Greece
Would stamp upon a silver-piece,
Its gray eyes mocking at my peace!
O Love! thou Usurer, who dost ask
Of me this Sisyphean task,
How shall I ever wring from thee
The wages of my constancy,
If thus thou spoil my work for me?

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THE OLD CHURCH.

Behind our new church, on the hill,
The old church used to stand,
As grim and rough as an old-time saint,
Stained by age, but never by paint,
With a willow on either hand.
A traveler, passing by that way,
As he looked the edifice o'er,
With a sense not quite so devout as keen,
Is said to have murmured, "God's house I've seen,
But never his barn before!"

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

JILTED.

My acquaintance with Anna was brief,
But, then, 'twas as long as I cared,
For, you see, Anna brought me to grief;
What was it to her how I fared?
"Distant, senseless, obscure," I exclaim,
"Confusing each mortal a bit."
What was that? Did you ask Anna's name?
My Anna is plain Analyt.

—*Dartmouth Lit.*



HIS CRUEL FATE.

MR. CUSHING CARROM, '92, WHO IS NO LONGER ABLE TO PULL IN FRESHMEN TO CHAPEL EXERCISES, IS WORKING HIS FRIENDS FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.

PATIENCE.

I looked to the East, and it was golden;
I looked to the West, and it was gray.
I knew that the long, long night was ended;
A moment more and it was day.

I looked to the West, and it was crimson;
I looked to the East, the moon was there.
I knew that the sultry day was ended;
Anon I breathed the cool night air.

The night is long? The day is weary?
Nor night nor day can last for aye.
Endure with hope till thou art stronger;
Or calmly wait till thou canst die.

—Williams Lit.

PROGRESS.

In olden times ye courtly squire,
By etiquette's command,
All humbly knelt, with heart afire,
And kissed his lady's hand.

Times change. We kneel and kiss no more
The blushing finger tips;
The modern lover bends him o'er
To kiss his sweetheart's lips.

Amazing paradox! some witch
Is working, North and South;
For though our country's grown so rich,
We've lived from hand to mouth.

—Brunonian.